THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles, The old Greek Isles of the yellow birds' song? Then steer straight on through the watery miles, Straight on, straight on and you can't go wrong. Nay not to the left, may not to the right, But oh, straight on, and the Isles are in sight. The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far, They lie within reach of the lowliest door, You can see them gleam by the twilight star;

You can hear them sing by the moon's white Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave They were landing steps; they were steps unto Of glory for souls that have sailed before, And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

f.nd what are the names of the Fortunate Isles? Why, Duty and Love and a large content. Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles, That God let down from the firmament. Lo. Duty, and Love, and a true man's trust;

Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust; Lo, Duty, and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles, And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles. -[Joaquin Miller.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

[Bertie Bayle, in Philadelphia Post.] About a year ago I was called in to see the children of an artisan, four in number, all of whom were suffering from a violent attack of fever.

The family occupied two small rooms on the second floor of a dirty, miserablelooking house in a dismal street, both sides of which were formed of similar tenements, except that some were one story lower than their neighbors.

I had passed through the same thorough-fare many times, but never without glancing up at the name it bore, and wondering if the authorities, in so christening it, had been trying to crack one of those grim jokes with which they sometimes favor the world when engaged in

the performance of their onerous duties. Grove, though Death Valley would have been a more appropriate appellation.

Groping my way along the passage, and up the rickety, ill-lighted stairs, I was met on the landing by an object strongly resembling the ghost of a female apparently about forty, but in reality not more these children, they will die; then a most startling and sensational stories; of most of the crimes that are comthan thirty years of age. In her arms she held a skeleton infant.

"I'm glad you're come, doctor," she gasped.

I had been in many wretched homes before, but never in one so thoroughly foul and miserable as the one I now entered in Myrtle Grove.

were prostrated by fever, but that a hu- than the present. Seriously, then, is the man being had ever enjoyed a day's pleasure of getting drunk equal to a hunhealth in such a den.

Doing what I could for the sufferers, I promised to look in again during the day, aud send a messenger with medicine as soon as I got back to my surgery.

"Why, this man must be earning good wages; and yet he keeps his family in that state! Shocking, infamous!" and I really believe had the tather of my shaken the life out of him.

Sometimes in the course of my proiessional career I have come in contact with parents who appeared devoid of feeling for their offspring and respect for must be something terribly wrong about | duct. the head of the family I had been visit-

Nor could I, when I looked at the zroup of pale helpless children, forget ;hat I was a father myself; and when one delirium, and exclaimed, with outdada; I want to love you!" her voice and words reminded me of my own darling Beatrice."

During the day I visited many other patients, but the pleading eyes of the sick child who had begged so earnestly to share a father's love followed me whereever I went.

"Baby's dead, doctor," faltered the woman, meeting me on the stairs.

Expecting this announcement, I di rected my attention to the survivors. There appeared little change in any of

I knew that the disease would have its way in spite of my skill, and that the critical time was approaching when proper treatment might save them.

"Has your husband come home?" "No, doctor."

For several minutes I stood contem- thest.' plating the picture of domestic misery around me.

"He's here now, I think," she whispered and the man walked slowly into He looked sullen and downcast.

off his cap, and coming towards the sick

"Yes," I replied, in a tone that made him wince, "and will be sadder, unless you try to prevent it."

"Your infant son is dead," I added.

"Poor little chap! I thought he'd be leavin' us. He's had a good many drawbacks, for we've had naught but bad luck and sickness since we come to this househave we, Sarah?"

"Bad luck and nonsense" said I. "You have made some, and brought the rest of vou where to." your troubles, my friend, and paid dearly for them, too."

way that I know of, doctor."

"But your ignorance does not alter the fact. I am aware of it."

"Of what?" asked the man, rather snap-

"That this house is haunted!" They looked at each other, and then at

of these little ones," I continued, "so I will explain at once what I mean. The room is hardly fit for human being to live in; but the worst of the business is, certain spirits are brought into it daily which will, in the end, starve your wife, murder your children, ruin yourself, and deprive you of every comfort here and

hope hereafter." "And who brings them spirits here?" asked the workman, with a scowl.

"Come, that's queer talk, doctor."

"Listen. You are the only protector and provider of your wife and little ones. Here I find them in want, rags, and that." wretchedness. Now, tell me, have you done your duty towards them as a husband and father?"

"I'd advise you to mind your own business, or I'll kick you downstairs, sir!" and he glared at me, half savagely, as he

I smiled at his threat, and proceeded: "You receive your wages every week.

What do you do with them?" "Can't I do what I like with my own,

"Yes; but the money you earn is not your own. It belongs to you family. When you married this woman, you promised to provide for her, and on the faith of that promise these little ones came into the world. Now, do you act fairly, or like a man when you leave their money at the public-house, and muddle yourself with spirits that make you mad and cruel, and turn your home into a living grave. Is it right or honest? Ask your own conscience.'

"My old girl's been tellin' you I go on the 'spree' sometimes, has she?" and he In fine-very fine-it was called Myrtle | looked daggers at his trembling partner. "No. I can recognize a drunkard the

> man. I've not done with you yet.' "I never was talked to like this, in my

own house, anyhow!" "Perhaps not; but let me add that, unless you procure better attention for charge of manslaughter will be made and if other novelists were as frank as he mitted.

against you." "Hum! Who by?" "Myself."

"Have you said enough?"

"Not quite. You were a child once-a helpless little boy. Did your father leave you to fight with Death on a bed, and in a place like this? Your poor wife's health The wonder was not that the family is nearly gone. The future is darker dreth part of the misery you are inflicting upon those who cannot defend them-

selves?" He turned away in silence.

"I have spoken for your profit, not mine. Think of what I have said," and, after giving instructions for the treatment of my patients, and promising to renew my visit, I left the house.

Twice on the following day I visited patients been near me at the time I should | the poor family in Myrtle Grove, finding have grasped him by the throat and half each time a slight improvement in the aspect of the room, my patients a little better, and the woman looking a shade less wretched. Perceiving that her husband had some good in him, and believing that, like most working men, he had of money it was, and on being questioned suffered himself to become the victim of themselves, but as I turned out of Myrtle | Habit, I enlightened him gradually as to Grove that morning, I felt sure there the nature and consequences of his con-

Having made an impression, I talked to him not as his superior, but as his equal. Humbly and earnestly did I try to show him the crimes, as well as the would live soberly for their sakes.

Say no more about it.'

tress you for it. Good-bye." that I found myself again in Myrtle could find." Grove. The man had not called upon his family. I saw the landlady. The He stared at me, but did not speak. family had removed; she did not know

whither. "Yes, sir; they got some very 'igh and | buy a good improved farm back in God's | gentleman's costume." h'outrageous notions into their 'eds about | country-Missouri-and he intended to | 'avin' the water cistern scoured, the 'ouse get back there as soon as he sold his ino, and he can either use that or go done up, and ventilatin' and I don't claim.' know what, so I told 'um they could go, and go they did, sir, though I can't tell

It was strange, yet I could not feel had a claim next to ours-came here to sorry. Would I ever see my little pa- visit relatives till the spring. I want her to me and said: "I've not parted with anything in that | tients again? No one could tell me, for | to marry me right off and go down where ever thus, in the great world of life, we my folks live and I reckon she will." are coming and going.

> A few weeks ago, while standing at my guileless scribe of a scheme to erect a surgery window, I observed a well- claim to his treasure-trove,

> dressed man and woman with two girls alight from an omnibus. The man looked about him for a moment, and "I feel a particular interest in the case | then led the way towards my house. I heard the door-bell ring and the party

> > "Give me your hand, doctor; hope you're well," exclaimed the stranger.

I hesitated. "I thought as much," he resumed, with a laugh. "You've forgot the ghosts of

Myrtle Grove, doctor. "Myrtle Grove? No. I haven't. Are you the father --- ?"

"I am," he interrupted, grasping both my hands, "and these are my dear wife and children, and we've come to pay your bill, doctor, though I shall never be able to get out of your debt, for all

"Well, well, my friend, you needn't be in such a hurry about it. I hope you've had better luck since you removed."

"The best bit of luck I ever had, doctor, was when you made me feel that a poor man has duties to perform and a soul to save as well as a rich one." He is now a prosperous tradesman and

no longer resides in Death Alley.

Remance of Every-day Life. [Detroit Free Press.]

The public ear has become weary with being told that "truth is stranger than fiction;" it is doubtful whether one in a hundred of the habitual novel readers has any practical apprehension as to the meaning of the saying.

They understand, in a vague general way, that things occasionally happen in the actual affairs of life which are as sensational and thrilling as any of the events envolved from the lurid imagination of the romancer and spread upon the pages of a novel.

But they do not understand, at least the vast majority does not, that daily life is full of just such occurrences, and that moment I see him. Don't go away, my | the faithful chronicle of current events in the newspapers contains more romance every day in the year than all the novels of all the professional novelists.

that Charles Reade confessedly drew his hol, but it is not true that it is the cause was they would probably have to admit that what their readers regard as vivid alcohol nor the ignorance that implies a imagination on their part is nothing but an ingenious adaptation of facts from the source to which Reade acknowledged his indebtedness.

A YARN OF THE WEST.

A Clever Piece of Luck on the Jim River In Dakota.

[Preston, Minn., Letter to Chicago Tribune.] A red-faced, raw-looking youth, whose ready-made clothingdid not fit him well, and whose flaring red necktie would have driven a bull into a delirium, sat in a ly tossing what appeared to be a very broad and well-worn silver coin from hand to hand. With a touch of numismatic curiosity your correspondent asked to see it, and found himself unable to borne beyond a faintly outlined hand apyouth who owned the coin was as curious as any one to find out what manner as to where he got it said he "found the money with a heap more in the Jim Riv-

er out in Dakota. "You see," he continued, "our folks moved out into that country three years ago next spring, intending to make it our home. One day I went to the river, five folly, of drunkenness. At first he list- miles from home, to fish. I didn't catch ened indifferently, but I persevered till, anything but what I thought was a snag, of them, a bright-eyed, clever-looking three weeks afterwards. I told him that and giving my line a right smart little girl, turned to me in the ravings of his children would need my attendance | yank to get it loose, I fetched up a little no longer; that I had done my best for strip of something that wouldn't let go of stretched arms, "I want to love you, them and him; and that I hoped he the hook very easy. I loosened it with my fingers, and was going to throw the More deeply moved than ever I had | piece away when I noticed it was a strip expected to see him, "I'm a poor hand of copper with something like rotten at talkin', doctor," he began, in a thick, leather or cloth hangin' to it. Then I husky voice, "but I must say something. I thought maybe I had better look into It's not a month since you told me what the thing a little. I got down the bank a scoundrel I was. My home is a Para- and where it had caved lately I could see dise to what it was then, and will be about four feet above the water, a print more so if I'm spared. It's all through | the shape of a herring-box, showing that you, doctor—the truest friend I ever had. something about that size had been If taken rightly, yours is the proper sort | buried there, and had been tumbled into of physic for workin' folk, doctor. But the water when the cave happened. It ter?" it's no use-I can't tell you what I feel. only took a minute or two of kicking God bless you. We'll never forget-" around in the sand to find what I was "Well, well, my dear fellow, that will looking for. Whether it was an old gripdo," I interrupted. "I'm quite satisfied. | sack, a leather trunk, or an animal's skin folded up, I couldn't make out. It was "But you'll want payin', doctor. I too rotten. But it had been chuck full of haven't much. It's all yours-saved from | valuables-that was plain enough. Half the 'Hope an' Ancher.' Take it, sir, an' a dozen comical looking old watches, lots ever saw. I remember once I was play- these portions of the sea. the 'Hope an' Ancher.' Take it, sir, an' la dozen comical looking old watches, lots of rings and bracelets were lying around. I'll pay the rest in a—a month at far- of rings and bracelets were lying around. In sailing from England to the Cape of Good Hope, through the entire length of The workers, like I took the money. "There," I said, |-gold and silver. I loaded all my pock- | very particular about his costumes. He giving it to a little maiden whose eyes ets, hid the balance of the stuff and went | would go on to play his part, and I could were intently fixed upon us, "that is for all the way home on a dead run, yelling see him casting his eyes all over the stage loving your papa, and he must love you like an Indian as soon as I got in sight of to see, how his people looked, but he ways steadily blowing from the norththe room. One glance told me his failing. | now." Then, turning to her father, "Call | the hole in the ground we lived in-sod- never would say anything. Well, one and pay me when you're better off," I house, you know. Dad and I hitched night we opened somewhere with King "This is a said job," he began taking added; "but if you forget, I'll never dis- up the team as soon as I could get breath Lear, and when I went to get the cos-. It was some six or seven weeks after | we drove down and got all the stff we | "What are you going to dress the doc-

"How much did it all amount to?" "Blamed if I can tell ye, stranger. Dad him in a domino." never would tell me; said it might make

"Where is your father now?"

I came here because my gal's folks—they that night.

The youth would not submit to further questioning evidently suspecting the ly my own,'I told him.

THE BROOK SONG.

I'm hastening from the distant hills With swift and noisy flowing, Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,

I'm ever onward going. The willows cannot stay my course, With all their pliant wooing; I sing and sing till I am hoarse. My prattling way pursuing. I kiss the pebbles as I pass,

And hear them say they love me, I make obesance to the grass That kindly bends above me. So onward through the meads and dells I hasten, never knowing The secret motive that impels, Or whither I am going.

A little child comes often here To watch my quaint commotion, As I go tumbling, swift and clear, Down to the distant ocean; And as he plays upon my brink, So thoughtiess and so mercy,

So full of noisy song, I think The chid is like me, very, Through all the years of youthful play, With ne'er a thought of sorrow, We prattling, speed our way, Unmindful of the morrow;

Aye, through these sunny meads and de

The solemn motive that impels, Or whither we are going. And men come here to say to me: "Like you, with weird commotion, O little singing brooklet, we Are hastening to the ocean;

We gambol, never knowing

Down to the vast and misty deep, With fleeting tears and laughter, We go, nor rest until we sleep In that profound Hereafter. What tides may bear our souls along,

What monsters rise appalling, What distant shores may hear our song And answer to our calling. Ah, who can say! through meads and de

We wander, never knowing The awful motive that impels, Or whither we are going!" -[Eugene Field.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

A Sensible View of a Matter that Con cerns Every Young Man. [Atlanta Constitution.]

Various correspodents are taking one of our Nashville exchanges to task for questioning the statement that the great bulk of the crime committed in this country may be traced to alcohol. But our Nashville contemporary has prison statistics on its side, as the Constitution, took occasion to show some time ago. It is true that there is nothing more debasing, and nothing more generally hurtful It was from the daily papers, indeed, to the best interests of society than alco-

The greatest cause of crime is neither lack of the knowledge of reading and writing. It is the enforced idleness that is the result of a false system of education, and the false system of education is the result of false notions in regard to the propriety of teaching boys and girls how to use their hands as well as their brains. A young man with nothing but a common school education, or even with a college education, is ill-fitted to

grapple with the problems of life. their own resources. The great majority of the young men of this country cannot afford to go into the crowded professions. Their education renders them sensitive, and there is no worse mora wreck than that of a sensitive man out make out what device it had originally of whom hard circumstances have ground all self-respect. Every boy should be parently grasping a pair of balances. The | taught to use his hands, and to employ those faculties that will be called out in the practical affairs of life.

FORREST'S STAGE MANAGER.

He Contrasts the Present with the Past in Stage Decoration.

[Boston Globe.] "The stage costuming of to-day is nothing as it was a few years ago," said one of Boston's best known costumers, once a favorite actor. He stood, busily engaged in transforming three bright-eyed, beardless boys into red-coated soldiers of the queen, in one of those peculiar rooms, heated by the sun, where the two curancient, mediæval, and modern in decoration, that are so often fascinating to the visitor's eye.

"If you look at the earlier pictures of Garrick or Siddons in Hamlet, Lear, or Macbeth, you will find that in every character they are dressed in the cosnental costumes, as they are called. They never made any attempt to follow the costumes of the period."

"Who started the reform in this mat-

"It was first introduced in England by Maccready and Charles Kean. Formerly the actors wore either just what they fic oceans. These steady and unchanging happened to have or just what the ward- ocean winds are called the trade winds, robe woman gave them, and it often on account of the great service they renmade the most motley combination you der to ships carrying merchandise across Besides there was about a peck of money also. Now Forrest was one who was to tell him what had happened, and tumes from the wardrobe woman I said:

tor in?" "A domino, of course. We always play

"Why, how is that?" I said. "The docme too proud and rich. He said it would | tor is a gentleman, and should play in a

"Well, he always has played in a domwithout" I went home and "faked" up some kind of a costume of the 'gentleman "In Missouri with the rest of the folks. of the period, and we played him in it urday?" asked Old Hyson; "I've lost his ero.

"During the play Forrest came round "'Where did you get the idea of playing the doctor in that costume?"

"The idea is partly historical and part-"'It's a good idea-a mighty good idea,

words he often used; 'let him keep it on. "That is one instance of how these little changes for the better creep in."

"Where do you obtain all your ideas

for costuming a historical play?" "Chiefly from reading and experience. I have a library of works on the subject. and of general literature, I wouldn't take | for what happens." Poor woman! \$2,000 for. Yes, plates help us a great deal in getting the color. We can't gain much information from the ordinary novelist. He isn't definite enough. Now there is one thing I don't think everyone has noticed about Henry Irving's costumes and those of his company. He owns and designs them all, as you know, any gold or silver ornamentation, except | false pretenses. a little on the cloaks. He has the very richest stuffs, and the actor has no choice but to take what Irving gives him. consider Irving one of the very best stage managers we have ever had."

"Do the star actors, as a rule look after the costumes of their company."

"No; the costumer and the stage mana-

believe, designs many cosutmes, and is,

them. The lady stars have all they can a form. do to look after their own wardrobes, Sarah Bernhardt, though, is simply a marvel of a stage manager. She will dodge behind the scenes and set six different persons going in different directions all at once, step into her dressingroom and change her magnificent costumes so quickly you can hardly believe she has done it and reappear on the stage smiling. Janauschek, too, when she brought out Brunhilde here for the first time, procured a lot of copies of the German stage setting-she was the original Brunhilde in Germany-and the scene painter made up all his scenes from them and they were of course, accurate. Take it in Hanlon's 'Fantasma, ' for instance. The artists sent us word that in one scene we must use only silver and white to match this scene, and then we knew just

how to go to work." "Yes, the Germans have the finest stage settings in the world, simply because they have schools where the busi- board without knowing every nook and ness in taught. But look at us! We have cranny of her understanding; her tastes, nothing of the sort. We have a great deal her antipathies, her set forms of expresto learn yet."

WHY THE WIND CHANGES.

Scientific Explanation of the Causes of Shifting Currents and Steady Winds. [Cassell's Magazine.]

That the changing of the direction of the wind is due to the shifting of the situations of the greatest heat upon the earth is substantially proved by the fact that, in certain regions of the earth's surface, where the situations of the greatest The lack of practical knowledge is a heat and cold do not alter the direction in serious lack; it is a fatal lack, indeed, in which they lie to each other, the wind hotel in this place the other day nervous- those who are compelled to depend on does not change but always blows in the same direction from one to another, and all the year round.

This occurs in the great open space of the ocean, where there is no land to get heated up by the sunshine of the day and to get cool by the scattering of the heat at night. In those spaces for a vast breadth of many hundred miles the sun shines down day after day upon the surface of the sea, heating the water most along the mid-ocean track, which lies most immediately beneath its burning rays as it passes across from east to

This midway track of the strongest sunshine crosses the wide ocean as a belt or

of the equator. Throughout this midway track the cooler and heavier air on either hand drifts in from the north and from the south, and then rises up, as it becomes rents meet. In both instances, however. in consequence of the spinning round of the earth, the advancing wind acquires

a westward as well as an equatorial drift. The air-current, as it approaches the midway equatorial zone, where the onward movement of the sea-covered surface of the earth is performed with the tumes of Washington's time-the conti- velocity of a thousand miles an hour does not immediately acquire this full rate of speed, and logs back upon the ocean, so that it appears as adrift toward the west as well as toward the equator.

> On the north side of the equator the wind blows all the year round from the northeast and on the south side from the southeast, both in the Atlantic and Paci-

the Atlantic ocean, ships, before they reach the equator, have to pass over a broad space, where strong winds are aleast. That is the region of the northeast trades. They then traverse a space near to the equator itself, where the northeast wind ceases to blow, and where the air is very still and calm, and they afterward come to a region south of the equator, where strong winds are continually blowing from southeast. That is the region of the southeast trades.

> A New Customer. [Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Who is that new man that opened wood yard or something on Second street and bought a bill of goods of us last sat card and for-gotten his name."

"I don't know," replied the office boy. "Well," said the old man "I hate to ask him. Run down to the corner and see what is on his sign; that'll give it." Presently the boy came back.

"Lime and coal," he said. he said, with a few of those ornamental up to Lyman Cole.

SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.

Some Hints for Some of our Readers.

[Philadelphia Post.] "I always speak my mind," observed Mrs. Jones to a neighbor, in making a call, "and then I'm no longer responsible

Now, this speaking one's mind is the cause of more mischief in life, and more unhappiness in many homes than bad breeding, bad manners, smoky chimneys, and disordered nerves. Half of it is nothing but temper. The occasion does not call for what is said, and it is uttered in but there is hardly one of them that has such a key as to make it scolding under

The household in which the mistress speaks her mind once or twice a week, year in and year out, is by no means a model establishment. Everything goes by fits and starts. To-day, all is sterm and bustle; to-morrow, all is sulkiness and exhaustion. The bits of mind given ger attend to that. Lawrence Barrett, I | in this way would be much better reserved. Advice, counsel, and reproof perhaps, more particular than most of need not be presented in so objectionable

Given calmy and sweetly, and at the right moment, in a few words, real bits of mind are always effective. But scolding. as such simply aggravates, and does no

"You can lead me mum, but you cannot drive me,"says Mary Ann, with more true wisdom than we generally find in such a common saying. -

To be always speaking one's mind, is to run the risk of endless contradictions, because, as we have said, there is so much temper in this particular form of utterance. As a rule, there is nothing more unnecessary. It ought not to be required, as between intimate associates, and it is chiefly with them that it takes place.

Mrs. Jones' maid ought to know her mistress' mind without so many deliverances, or it is but a poor sort of mind after

Mr. Brown cannot have lived half a century with the partner of his home and

The occasions when one can do good ov speaking one's mind are rare, and if due advantage be taken of them they will be rarer still. "A word in season" is worth a hundred at the wrong mo-"I shall never forget the few words he

said to me," remarks the boy of his father's tender and timely advice. "I would rather he had thrashed me at the time." But the thrashing would not have been half so effective.

The hurry to speak one's mind, regardless of consequences, is a sign of an unbalanced temperament.

"Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." The bits of mind we scatter about as are often as sharp and as dangerous as bits of broken glass.

CIGAR FACTORIES OF MADRID.

Thousands of Women and Girls Who Roll up the Weed.

[London Telegraph.] Before the every day tourist had learned to babble of Velasquez and Murillo, and regarded it as essential to his reputation as a man of taste to go into ecstacies over Moorish arches, the cigar factories of Madrid were among the prinzone, that spreads some way to either side | cipal show-places of the uninteresting capital, which for some military or other reasons has been dropped down in the middle of one of the drearist areas in

Christendom. You know you are approaching it by the odor of tobacco, and the Babel of voices which hails the arrival of the "Gringo" can be compared to nothing except the gigantic boarding school with all the masters' backs turned to the pupils. Thousands of women-young middle-aged, and old-are busy rolling up cigars so deftly that the unpracticed eye has some difficulty in catching the movement of the artists' fingers. A pinch of leaf here, a turn of the wrist there, the slightest possible touch of the tongue when the case demands it, and a "Claro," or a "Maduro," or a "Colorado"

is ready for the market. Here cheroots are being turned out by the thousands, here cigarettes by the tens of thousands. In another building boxes are being made, labeled and tied up, and in and around and over all resound the noisy hum of female tongues that will not be tied. But not a hand is

The workers, like science teachers at South Kensington, are "paid by results," and it requires a great number of government cigars before the madritena can earn the wherewithal for an olla podrida, a gay mantilla or the measure of sour wine which tempers on high days and holidays the frugal fare of the water-drinking Spaniard.

Some of the old crones are as hideous as any of the ancients whom Gustave Dore loved to draw. But many of the matrons are sightly ladies, while the flashing eyes and roguish fun of the young ones somewhat embarrass a visitor who is unaccustomed to face such a battery of criticism without being able to exchange a compliment with the company who are so ready to express their individual opinions of the cabail-

In truth, it requires some courage to venture into the great cigar manufactory of Madrid, though those who are fond of a picturesque sight and not afraid of the smell of tobacco or the play of Spanish eyes might wander through the peninsula from Vigo to Malaga and not come across And Old Hyson calmly charged the bill a spectacle which would live half so long in their memories.